The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery—Their Care and Cultivation

Squash Is One of the Common Vegetables of the Garden, but Care in Planting and Cultivating Will Give New Results and Make It Become One of the Unusual Vegetables.

FUN IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN

By DR. HUGO ERICHSEN.

In the mind of the avearage gardener be he urban, suburban, or rural, the culture of vegetables is associated with drudgery, which is in no wise diverting. And, yet, if one deviates from the beaten paths and is not afraid to grow things that are decidedly uncommon, as much fun may be had in the kitchen garden as in Flora's domain, and no little profit.

I have grown these uncommon vegetables, and know. Some, of course, do not pan out well, but that is to be expected. Even in the flower garden not every blossom is a rose and the venturesome score occasional failures with much lauded novelties.

The townsman who is often debarred from gardening by stress of circumstance is pardonable, but there is no excuse for the farmer who has plenty of available land and every necessary tool.

Even in town if one has but a back yard it pays to raise vegetables, as there is a decided difference between those obtained fresh from the hand of nature and the wilted stuff that comes to one's table from the grocer.

Geographically the plants with which I experimented were ideally distributed and came from all points of the compass. And the sum total of my experiences there were some real acquisitions in the form of table luxuries, such as Brussels sprouts, Mexican corn, English vegetable marrow, and New Zealand spinach.

But in order to obtain the best results, the ground must be carefully prepared. The best way to do this is to throw up the ridges of earth in the fall about a foot wide and two feet apart and let the frost permeate them thoroughly in the winter. This renders the soil very friable and the ideal seedbed may be prepared by covering the rows with fertilizer and distributing the earth over it.

The following vegetables not only commend themselves to my favorable consideration, because they prove toothsome, but also because they flourish with ordinary care and I believe they could be grown without difficulty in any part of the United States—that is, wherever vegetation thrives.

The Cardoon, also known as the Spanish artichoke, is not only decidedly picturesque, but one of those uncommon vegetables. It derived its cognomen from the fact that it resembles the French artichoke to such an extent that it is hard to tell the two apart when they are planted side by side.

It seems to me the Cardoon possesses sufficient beauty to justify its addition to the ornamental foliage plants of our gardens. Although it would prove hardy in Florida and the southwest, it seldom reaches a height of over four feet in the more temperate one, and carries purplish blue, composite flowers months of August and September.

It does well in ordinary garden soil, and is raised from seed sown in April. When the plants come up they are thinned to stand about two feet apart in rows. The stems and midribs and the edible parts must be blanched like celery before use.

In the kitchen the Cardoon is employed for soups, stews and winter salads.

Martynia, known to our forefathers as Martinoes, has undeservedly become unpopular. Perhaps the disagreeable odor of its gloxinialike flowers, and the peculiar shape of the hairy seedpods that succeed them, had something to do with its disfavor.

The latter are responsible for two other designations of this vegetable curiosity, for in England where it is grown extensively it is known as the unicorn plant, and in Mexico, where it grows wild, it is called the devil's finger nails.

The pods are produced in great abundance and should be gathered when less than half grown, as they are worthless after the hardening of their substance. They are pickled in vinegar like cucumbers and are very useful in putting up mixed pickles. The plants require considerable warmth, therefore the seed should not be sown until the trees are out in full leaf, in full leaf.

They are planted in rows or hills three feet apart each way and should be thinned out thoroughly, as they require considerable space. It is a good plan to sow the seed in a hotbed and transfer the young plants to the garden in the latter part of April or as soon as the weather is settled.

I have always obtained favorable results from the English marrow. This vegetable belongs to the gourd tribe, and deserves to be better known in this country, for it is excellent for culinary purposes.

It was first brought to England from Persia in the year 1819. Although rather succulent, it has a fine, mellow flavor, and is especially delicious when prepared like squash.

Brussels sprouts are without exception the best winter vegetable that can be grown. I have picked them, the sprouts, I mean, as late as November. The real sprout is not much larger than a marble, and it is as firm and hard almost as the stalk itself. The seed is sown in May in the same manner as cauliflower, and transplanted in July, one foot apart in the rows, which should be one and a half feet apart.

Pe-tsai, a variety of cabbage, is a native of China, and has only been known as a culinary vegetable in Europe since 1837.

My experience with it was that it did not do well in the summer, but attained perfection in the late autumn months. I prefer to sow it in May. Later it is transplanted to rows 18 inches apart and a foot apart in rows. It may be used like the common cabbage or boiled like spinach.

WAR WILL BE ONE WITHOUT CRIPPLES

Maimed Soldiers to Be Restored to Their Normal Earning Capacity.

RE-EDUCATION WILL DO WORK

Uncle Sam, Profiting From Experience of the Allies, Has Provided Money and Machinery for Undertaking.

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT.

A war without cripples. That is what this war is to be, so far as America's armies are concerned. No man can justly be called a cripple who in fair and open competition with his fellows is able to earn a living as good as or better than he did before he was wounded; and Uncle Sam promises exactly this ability to a very high percentage of the men who in former wars would have been considered hopeless wrecks. That he does not promise ignorantly or vainly is proved by the results already attained in France and England in the work of "re-educating" the permanently injured. The war insurance bill passed by congress provides the money and the machinery for this wonderful work.

By the terms of this bill the United States not merely insures that crippled and blinded soldiers shall not starve; it also insures, literally, that nine out of ten of them shall be restored to their normal ability and earning capacity. The war may have its killed, but Uncle Sam says it shall have no cripples in the usual meaning of the word.

It has long been known that soldiering is really beneficial to the great majority of those who engage in it. The outdoor life, regular exercise, wholesome and abundant food, and training in the care of the body confer lifelong benefits. Statistics show that even this great war will benefit at least 13 out of every 15 soldiers who reach the front not only physically but also economically, for their physical superiority will undoubtedly win for them an economic superiority over those who see no service in the field.

Price Not Same Now.

The other two out of fifteen seem to remain to pay the price. But they do not pay it as they have done in former wars. The government, by its system of insurance—not pensions nor charity, but insurance, the premiums for which are paid by service—agrees to provide for the families of nearly half of them (the half that pay the last great debt); and it further promises the other half that they shall be so reeducated that they will be able to take an equal part and many of them a better part in the life of the world than they would have done if they had not gone to war at all.

Instances drawn from the experience of the European powers are many. An aforetime laborer in a steel mill, who has lost both legs, becomes a repairer of motor engines; a carpenter with one arm becomes a turner at double pay; a blinded blacksmith becomes, by the aid of an assistant, an expert on ventilating and heating; a blinded manager of a great grocery store becomes so much more adebt that he returns to his old job and swiftly wins an increased salary. And there are thousands more.

And this is in France and England, where money for re-education is none too plentiful and where the great majority of men are content to remain all their lives in the state to which they were born. In America, where money is plentiful and where every man is striving to better his condition, the results will certainly be greater by far.

Paid While They Learn.

While the injured men are learning they will get their pay as soldiers—the pay they were getting when they were injured—and their families will get the allowance that they had been receiving. Both before and after this period they will, of course, get the insurance to which they are entitled by the terms of the insurance act.

In re-educating the soldiers, as in everything else connected with the war, the United States will profit by the earlier mistakes of its associates in the war.

Some of these mistakes were serious but unavoidable. One of them arose from lack of preparation and another from lack of explanation. Jean Poilu never heard of re-education until he had recovered about as well as he ever would from the loss of his eyes. Jean had been an acrobat in a circus and to him the future seemed very dark. He could not go back to his old trade, and he knew no other and did not dream that he could learn another. When the doctor asked him what trade he wanted to learn he did not understand. Later he was suspicious. He did not believe that he could learn any of the trades that were suggested to him and he was convinced that somewhere and somehow a string was tied to the offer. It took a long time and much persuasion to induce him even to indicate which trade he preferred. Then, when at last the doctor began to believe that he was won over, Jean suddenly turned crusty and refused absolutely to go any further with the matter. Moreover, 90 per cent of his mates in the hospital did the same thing on almost the same day.

Feared Loss of Pensions.

The hospital staff could not understand it. Later—much later—after a good many of Jean's friends had perforce been discharged from the hospital, the staff discovered the explanation: Jean and his mates thought that they had found the string tied to the offer. "As soon as you learn a new trade they'll take away your pension," was the whisper that had run like wildfire through the wards. Even the most positive denials failed to counteract its effects altogether, and a good many European soldiers still refuse to learn, solely because they fear to lose their pension. They have no desire to lose one bone by snapping at its reflection in the water.

Jean, however, was convinced in time. He learned to be a masseur—as a gymnast he had perforce been something of a "rubber"—and is now earning quite as much as he ever did and has far steadier employment than he ever had.

The United States will of course meet no such difficulty. Our soldiers will know all about re-education long before they are wounded; and they will know that the insurance bill specifically provides that a soldier shall suffer no reduction in his compensation because he learns to work in spite of a permanent injury. They will know that no person who had lost his hand, for instance, was ever reduced by Uncle Sam because he learned to write with the stump.

"Tommy" in Despair.

Thomas Hopkins suffered in another way. Thomas was an anemic down-and-outer from the London slums when he squeezed, or was squeezed, into the army. A year in the trenches built him up, and then a shrapnel mutilated his right arm so badly that it had to be taken off. Hopkins was in despair; gifted with some ambition he had seen a way out of the slums, and now he seemed about to be forced back into them with an added handicap. He would have snapped at any chance to learn.

But the system was not well organized in those days, and for weeks Hopkins had to sit around in a convalescent hospital nursing his despair until he had slipped back into his old indolent ways; his muscles had grown feeble and his joints and tendons stiff. It took a long time to rouse his ambition again and still longer to educate the sensitiveness of his stump and to teach him how to use it and how to use some of the 40 and more attachments that have been devised for use on stumps. He did learn, however, and now runs a typesetting machine in a London newspaper office.

Hopkins was wounded, nearly two years ago. Nowadays he—and of course any American—would start reeducation at the very earliest possible moment. Nowadays, by the way, it has been found necessary to restrict the hours that a convalescent may work; or the great majority would overtax their strength.

Disabled Men Best Teachers.

Another lesson that Europe has passed on is the necessity of teaching by instructors who are disabled in the same way as those they teach. An instructor with two perfect legs, for instance, cannot possibly understand the despair that crushes a legless man; whereas a legless teacher by his own ability inspires his pupils with hope—and hope is the basis of the whole work. This fact, so obvious when it is once suggested, was discovered by accident. Rose Le Blanc, who had lost both hands at the wrist by an explosion in a munitions plant, applied to the orthopedic hospital for food when starving in the streets of Paris. At table she showed such skill in using the stumps of her arms that the patients marveled and tried to imitate her. The rest followed naturally. This one girl, who thought her life finished, is now the best teacher for armless men in all France. She has recreated the lives of hundreds.

Many former soldiers are now teachers. The fact that they have been through the mill is an enormous encouragement to the injured.

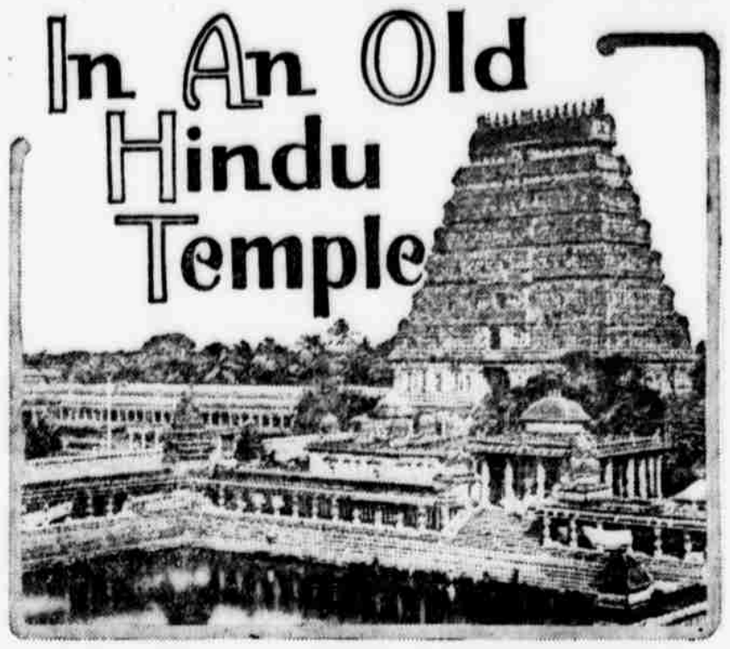
The choice of work is wide; already men who have lost one or both arms or legs are doing excellent work at photography, movie projecting, electric wiring, linotype operating, elevator running, baking, tailoring, drafting, and many other trades. They play golf, use sledges, scrub, write and hoe.

Blind Taught Typewriting.

Blind men have also a great range of work thrown open to them. In England all of them are taught to typewrite; and each, on leaving the school, is given a typewriter, so that he can also attend to his correspondence. To typewrite really seems to come by nature nowadays. For a trade they may choose either massage, machinery adjusting, net making, piano tuning, brush making, pottery, or any one of many more.

It is, of course, of little avail to teach a disabled man a trade and then to turn him out to seek an employer. Employers are all "from Missouri" and hesitate to employ disabled men. Hence Uncle Sam, like his allies, will have to find jobs for his pupils and be able to guarantee that they can do their work. Some of these pupils, by the way, will be willing to work anywhere, some will work only near their homes, and some will be outrageously persnickety both as to location and employers. Uncle Sam will try to satisfy them all. Moreover, he is planning to establish, as none of the allies has yet done, a follow-up system, by which, if a man gets discouraged and quits, Uncle Sam will know of it and will do his best to start him upward and onward again.

In An Old Hindu Temple



ABOVE us the huge tower of the temple, one of the six gopurams, tapers gradually upward, covered with the incrustations of its myriad images, says Doctor Dearmer in the Manchester (England) Guardian. Dark hued people in dazzling colors swarm along the street, the white lines of Vishnu or of Shiva gleaming on their foreheads under the bright December sun; and from the street a stream passes continually through the high gateway into the dark arcade of shops and great painted images—the piers of this architecture—through which one can dimly see passage beyond high passage, as far as the vague hint of the shrine at the end of this dark perspective.

There is an hour in the year when a beam from the rising sun pierces the whole long length through the midst of the temple and strikes the image of the god Shiva Sundareswar in the depths of his inmost sanctuary, where none but Hindus may ever enter.

To pass through that first high but gloomy passage into the precincts of the temple itself is to travel back 3,000 years. I feel that I shall never long be transplanted into ancient Egypt again. I have been there, and I know what it must have been like.

Nor will the Parthenon be ever again to me an empty ruin. I can imagine it now as it was, only Greek refinement instead of Hindu coarseness and excess, with the Greek beauty of sculptured gods and goddesses instead of the cruel, minatory grotesques of this strange pantheon. I can picture now what the ancient paganism was like, and how the philosophers taught one thing while the people fiercely believed another, and how the common worship of the crowd and the ancient immemorial tradition drew the hearts of the philosophers in spite of themselves.

Life and Traffic Ancient.

True, the architecture of this Indian temple is but a few hundred years old; for most Hindu buildings are modern compared with their faith. But the spirit is as old as Egypt—the half sinister air of mystery, and the swarms upon swarms of people, crowding the vast corridors, passing out into the sunshine under the painted colonnade round the square expanse of bright green water, each seeking his special god, each worshiping where his fancy leads him. The people are darker, the pervading smell is of melted ghi instead of incense. But it is the life that is the same, the life of thousands who are here because all the gods are real to them—the women, for instance, who clasp their hands and prostrate themselves when our guide opens the doors which protect the gilded cars and subsidiary images (slapping them fa[illegible]liarly with his hand.)

It is the life and the traffic that are so real, so immeasurably old, from the temple elephant, swaying to and fro in a corridor that is not the least dwarfed by him, to the men who are chanting Vedas by the tank, and the little naked children turning solemnly round because their parents do so, and the hundreds of drowsy men who squat at different boards on the floor selling corktree flowers and other offerings for the gods.

Ruined temples smell of flowers, or earth, or desert sand, and are washed clean and dried by nature. But this living city of columns smells of life, and the stone pavement is soft with dirt; the weird carvings are obscured with many layers of solid whitewash or blackened by greasy hands and hot elbows; the sacred idols drip with oil and are blackened also.

In the Heart of the Temple.

One gigantic image especially no one who has seen it is likely to forget, as it looms out, black and sticky, in the light of two flaring lamps (made as the Greeks made lamps) that are held up by two half-naked servants. It is Ganesha, the good-natured elephant god, as broad as he is long, but looking portentous and horrible, his trunk lying across the huge protuberance of his inhumanly human abdomen.

And the life of the temple is so real because it is also the life of the city. It is inwoven not only by the tradition that in India is literally timeless, but by the customs of every hour, and by the heaviest of all customs, caste. At any hour the life of the people may be seen in epitome here, in the heart of the temple; three gaunt widows well wrapped in their dull white saris are squatting on the ground to feed a sleek young Brahman clad in a loin cloth.

The darkness is lit up by little dishes of burning grease which are spread out among the dishes of food upon the floor. The Brahman eats the meal which the widows proffer, and then gets up, shakes himself, strokes his fat stomach and waddles off without a word, his large liver-colored calves shining in the smoky flicker of the lamps.

Next day I came again, and another scene was being enacted. There were the same little brass dishes on the floor; but the Brahman was old and thin, and a whole family squatted before him, making due postures, while he muttered the sacred texts. And still the barefooted worshipers shuffled incuriously by.

APES THAT RESEMBLE MEN

Almost Human Characteristics of the Maias, Gibbon and Macaque Found in Borneo.

The Sarawak region in Borneo, ruled over by the Brooke family, is a famous hunting ground of naturalists, says the New York Evening Post. One of the best books on zoology and biology of the island that has yet appeared comes in Robert W. C. Shelford's "A Naturalist in Borneo."

Shelford was for seven years following 1897 the curator of Rajah Brooke's museum, and, an active and indefatigable curious man, he has extraordinary opportunities of studying the wild life of the island.

The most interesting of Borneo's animals are the mammals and especially the simians; and here Mr. Shelford offers some information that is quite new upon the maias—as he insists what is ordinarily called an orang-utan should be called—the gibbon, and the macaque. The first is not easily studied. "I want to know how many wives he keeps and how he treats them," one Englishman asked; but until men can acquire arboreal habits such things will remain mysteries. The maias are quick travelers in the tree-tops, they love swampy regions, where men can move but slowly, and they are remarkably inconspicuous in the foliage. They are fruit eaters of dainty habits, and seldom stay long in one locality. Each night they make a small nest by bending down small branches, to form a platform in the fork of a bough, and with the feet and hands tightly clasping the limbs go to sleep. A young maias that Shelford kept as a pet always slept in an empty room furnished with an iron bedstead. "On the steel laths of this the ape would solemnly climb every evening at about 6:30; he invariably sprawled on the flat of his back, pulled over his head and chest a piece of sacking with which he was provided, and with hands and feet got a good grip on the posts and frame of the bed. In a few minutes he would be asleep and his snoring was so loud that it could be heard nearly all over the house." The maias make a good pet, being cleanly, affectionate and more intelligent than any other animal except man. Mr. Shelford gives the impression that watching a young maias is like watching a baby not quite so young; the interplay of reason and instinct is much the same.

The gibbon has less intelligence, but is distinguished by the musical morning cry with which the jungle fairly rings at dawn—a cry more powerful than the song of birds to bring the sluggard out to enjoy the most salubrious part of the Bornean day. But the macaque has apparently, again, a good deal of sense. He alone of the three will, given a bowl of water, lift it with his hands and drink man fashion. He can also be trained to pick coconuts, the modus operandi being very simple. A cord is fastened about the monkey's waist and he is sent up a palm, where he begins laying hold of the nuts. If the owner thinks a particular nut ripe he shouts and down it comes; if it is unripe, he plucks the cord and the monkey goes on to another. Sometimes the cord is dispensed with entirely and the monkey submits to his master's voice, something like gee and haw probably representing ripe and unripe respectively. We are not told that any macaques have been developed which are able to use a trustworthy judgment of their own as to the ripeness of coconuts; but the practice of eugenics upon a few generations of these monkeys should do as much.

The king of Siam has a bodyguard of 400 trained and armed women doing service in his capital.